Not Fat

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by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Will gets called fat (which he's not -_-). Hannibal doesn't handle it the most healthy way.

Notes

My first mpreg

Will went out the local grocery store in one of Hannibal's sweaters because the baby was getting too big for most of his clothes. Shopping in general sucked to Will, but he really wanted some caramel popcorn, damn cravings. He grabbed a basket and filled it with a few different sweet treats and a fairly large bag of popcorn. Just as he walked out of the isle a guy snickered and bumped past him, "fatty"

Will tried to brush it off. Which worked until he got home and grabbed his bag of snacks then it came up it a rush of emotions.

When Will walked in the house his face was stained with tears. Hannibal met him at the door, took the bags, set them down, and pulled him into his arms, "Will, what happened?
Are you hurt?"

"No," Will sniffled and buried his face in Hannibal's shirt. Hannibal rubbed Will back, whispering sweet nothing's to him. Will being very emotional was not unusual, but it usually wasn't of quite this magnitude.

"He called me fat," Will whispered once he calmed down a bit.

"Who called you fat?" Hannibal scowled.

"A guys at the grocery store," Will replied, "don't worry about it. If I wasn't so damn emotional right now it wouldn't have bothered me."

Hannibal untangled himself from Will's arms, dropped on his knees and planted soft kisses on Will's swollen stomach.

"You are still absolutely stunning and carrying our child will not change that. I am however going to have to deal with this 'guy'," Hannibal said. Will took a deep, shaky breath and wiped a few tears of his face. Hannibal stood and guided Will to sit on the sofa. The older man went to the kitchen and made Will a bowl of homemade ice cream.

When he returned to the living room Will was curled up in a blanket still wiping his eyes. Hannibal gave him a small smirk and handed him the bowl. Will took it wordlessly, moving the blanket just enough to eat without making a mess.

Most of the rest of the evening was spent with Will and Hannibal curled up on the couch watching old rom-coms. Will better explained what happened at the grocery store, purposely describing the man in much detail, knowing just what Hannibal planned to do. After Hannibal was sure Will was asleep he grabbed what Will called his Murder Suit and drove his Bentley around town looking for the man.

He found him wondering the streets looking very drunk. He pulled up next to the man and rolled down his window, "Need a lift?"

The man nodded and slowly climbed into the passenger seat, told him his address, and passed out.

Will woke up to screaming in, what he referred to as, the Murder Room. He wrapped himself in Hannibal's robe and padded down to the basement, which was pretty much one huge room, and watch as Hannibal walked around the man from the grocery store.

"Good morning Hannibal," Will smirked.

"And what are you doing up at" Hannibal looked at his watch "5 am?"

"I heard screaming and wanted to come watch you work" Will said. Hannibal looked down at the man tied to the chair trying to break free. Hannibal plunged a knife into his hand essentially pinning his hand to the chair. The man tried to bite back a scream.

Will watched Hannibal kill the man and even helped prepare breakfast that morning.

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